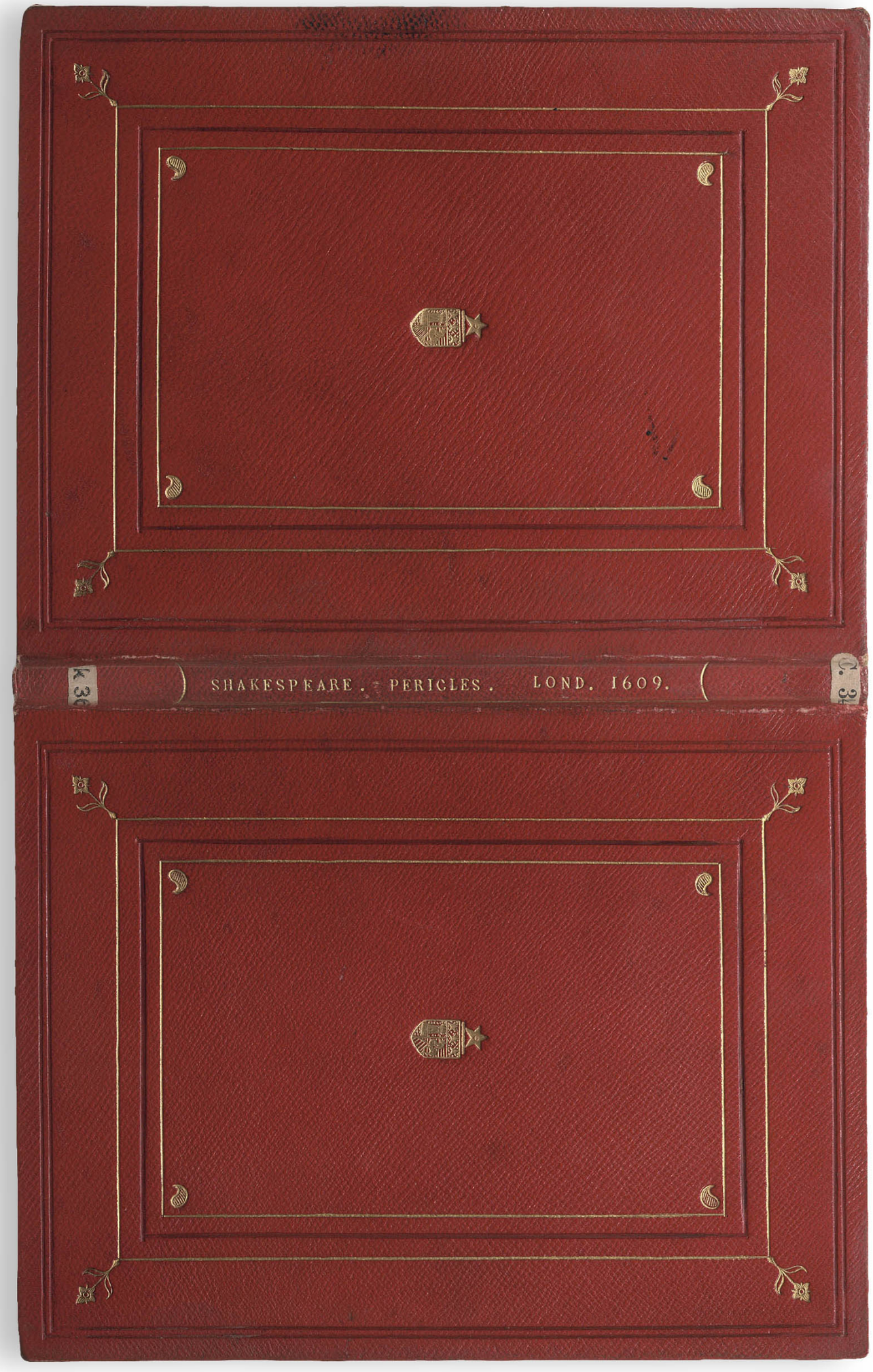
K 36
SHAKESPEARE. PERICLES. LOND. 1609.
C. 37

TWOCKETT. BINDER. BRITISH MUSEUM

K. Shakespeare (W.)

C.34 k.36

~~C.34.e.17~~

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Hiſtorie, aduentures, and fortunes of the ſaid Prince:

As alſo,

The no leſſe ſtrange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter *MARIANA.*

As it hath been diuers and ſundry times acted by his Maieſties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-ſide.

By William Shakeſpeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Goſſon*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Sunne in Pater-noſter row, &c.
1609.

The Play of Pericles

Prince of Tyre, &c.

Eneer Gower.

TO ſing a Song that old was ſung,
From aſhes, auncient *Gower* is come,
Aſſuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and pleaſe your eyes:
It hath been ſung at Feaſtiuals,
On Ember Eues, and Holy dayes:
And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for reſtoratiues
The purchaſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:
If you, borne in theſe latter times,
When Wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an olde man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring:
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you like Taper-light.
This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this Citie, for his chiefeſt Seat;
The faireſt in all *Syria*.
I tell you what my Authors ſay:
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who dyed, and left a Female-heyre,
So buck-ſome, blith, and full of face.
As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to Inceſt did prouoke:
Bad child, worſe father to intice his owne.

To euill, should be done by none:
But custome What they did begin,
Was with long vse, account'd no sinne;
The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seeke her as o Bed-fellow,
In maryage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe:
That who so ask'ther for his wife,
His Riddle tolde not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes doe testifie.
What now ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustfiie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vnder-take.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this interprise.

Ant. Musicke, bring in our Daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* raigned,
Nature this dowry gaue; to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus daughter,

Per. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, aud her thoughts the King,
Of euery Vertue giues renowne to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer racte, and teastie wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.

You

You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'aduenture) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*.

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:
Here face like Heauen, inticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:
Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of Starres,
Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids* Warres:
And with dead cheekes aduise thee to desist,
For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. *Antochus*, I thanke hee, who hath taught,
My fraile mortalitie to know it selfe;
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it errour:
Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,
Who know the World, see Heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes as earst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should doe;
My riches to the earth, from whence they came;
But my vnspotted fire of Loue, to you:
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

 Scorning,

Scorning aduice; read the concluſion then:
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſayd yet, mayſt thou prooue proſperous:
Of all ſayd yet, I wiſh thee happineſſe.
Peri. Like a bold Champion I aſſume the Liſtes,
Nor aske aduiſe of any other thought,
But fay thfulneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father;
Hee's Father, Sonne and Husband milde;
I, Mother, Wife, and yet his childe:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue reſolue it you

Sharpe Phiſicke is the laſt: but ô you powers!
That giues heauen countleſſe eyes to view mens actes.
Why cloude they not their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Faire Glaſſe of light, I lou'd you and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate;
You are a faire Violl, and your ſenſe, the ſtringes,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſicke,
Would draw Heauen downe, and all the Gods to hearken:
But being playd vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince *Pericles*, touch not, vpon thy life;
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receiue your ſentence.

Peric.

Peri. Great King,
Few loue to heare the ſinnes they loue to act,
T'would brayde your ſelfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a Booke of all that Monarches doe,
Hee's more ſecure to keepe it ſhut, then ſhowne:
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes duſt in others eyes to ſpread it ſelfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee cleare:
To ſtoppe the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole caſtes
Copt hilles towardes heauen, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſsion, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *Ioue* ſtray, who dare ſay, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worſe, to ſmother it.
All loue the wombe that their firſt beeing bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue, to loue my head. (ning:
Ant. Heauen, that I had thy head; he ha's found the mea-
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſinterpreting,
We might proceed to counſell of your dayes;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo faire a tree
As your faire ſelfe, doth tune vs otherwiſe;
Fourtie dayes longer we doe reſpite you,
If by which time, our ſecret be vndone,
This mercie ſhewes, wee'le ioy in ſuch a Sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine ſhall bee
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Peri. How courteſie would ſeeme to couer ſinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certaine you were not ſo bad,
As with foule Inceſt to abuſe your ſoule:

Where-

Where now you both a Father and a ſonne,
By your vntimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſures fits an husband not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like Serpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt Flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for wiſedome ſees thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keepe them from the light:
One ſinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to luſt, as flame to ſmoke:
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame,
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile ſhun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. Hee hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head.
He muſt not liue to trumpet foorth my infamie,
Nor tell the World *Antiochus* doth ſinne
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this Prince muſt die,
For by his fall, my honour muſt keepe hie.
Who attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highneſſe call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,
And our minde partakes her priuate actions
To your ſecrecie; and for your faithfulneſſe
We will aduance you, *Thaliard*:
Behold, heer's poiſon, and heer's gold:
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou muſt kill him;
It fits thee not to aske the reaſon why?
Becauſe we bid it: ſay, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your ſelfe, telling your haſte.

Meſ. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue flie after, and like an arrow ſhot from a well experienſt Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell at: ſo thou neuer returne vnleſſe thou ſay Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Piſtols length, Ile make him ſure enough, ſo farewell to your highneſſe.

Thaliard adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none diſturb vs; why ſhould this change of thoughts
The ſad companion dull eyde melancholy,
By me ſo vs'de a gueſt as not an houre,
In the daies glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe ſhould ſleepe can breed me quiet,
Here pleaſures court mine eies, and mine eies ſhun them,
And daunger which I feard is at *Antioch*,
Whoſe arme ſeemes farre too ſhort to hit me here,
Yet neither pleaſures Art can ioy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the others diſtance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that paſsions of the minde,
That haue their firſt conception by miſdread,
Haue after nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And ſo with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's ſo great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me ſpeaking, though I ſweare to ſilence,
Nor bootes it me to ſay I honour,
If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him.

And

And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Heele ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces heele ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſh't that nere thought offence,
Which care of them, not pittie of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to lanquiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh,

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart, and ſtronger
Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *ſignior* ſooth here does proclaime peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Helicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the Axe my ſelfe,
Doe but you ſtrike the blowe.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for't, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counſellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes, as you your ſelfe doe lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou know'ſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beautie,
From whence an iſſue I might propigate
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to ſubiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father
Seem'de not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: but thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtning ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloods were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayd ope,

To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Muſt feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all of which thy ſelfe art one,
Who now reprou'dſt me for't.

Hell. Alas ſir.

Per. Drew ſleepe out of mine eies, blood frō my cheeks
Muſings into my minde, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop this tempeſt ere it came,
And finding little comfort to releiue them,
I thought it princely charitie to grieue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, ſince you haue giuen mee leaue to (ſpeake,
Freely will I ſpeake, *Antiochus* you feare
And iuſtly too, I thinke you feare the Tyrant,
Who either by publike warre, or priuate treaſon,
will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Deſtinies doe cut his threed of life: your Rule direct to any, if to me, day ſerues not light more faithfull then Ile be.

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence?

Hell. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharſus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whoſe letters Ile diſpoſe my ſelfe.
The care I had, and haue of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſedomes ſtrength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who ſhuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbs we liue ſo round, and ſafe,
That time of both this trueth ſhall neere conuince,
Thou ſheweſt a ſubiects ſhine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Thaliard ſolus.

So, this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere muſt I kill king *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: t'is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that beeing bid to aske what he would of the King, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets.

Now doe I ſee he had ſome reaſon for't: for if a King bid a man be a Villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Huſht, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Eſcanes, with other Lords.

Hell. You ſhall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to queſtion mee of your Kings departure: his ſealed Commiſſion left in truſt with mee, does ſpeake ſufficiently hee's gone to trauaile.

Thaliard. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be ſatisfied, (why as it were vnlicenced of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue ſome light vnto you, beeing at *Antioch*.

Tha. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cauſe I knowe not, tooke ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt hee iudg'd ſo: and doubting leaſt he had err'd or ſinn'de, to ſhew his ſorrowe, hee'de correct himſelfe; ſo puts himſelfe vnto the Shipmans toyle, with whom eache minute threathens life or death.

Thaliard. Well, I perceiue I ſhall not bee hang'd now, although I would, but ſince hee's gone, the Kings Seas muſt pleaſe: hee ſcap't the Land to periſh at the Sea: Ile preſent my ſelfe. Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*, but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord has betooke himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. We haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Maister, not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniza* shall we rest vs heere,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hilles because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountaine to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dion. Ile doe my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the Gouernment,
A Citie on whom plentie held full hand:
For riches strew'de her selfe euen in her streets,

Whose

Whose towers bore-heads so high they kist the clowdes,
And strangers nere beheld, but woundred at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trimme them by:
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on as delight,
All pouertie was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can doe by this our change:
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gaue their creatures in aboundance:
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise:
Those pallats who not yet too sauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it:
Those mothers who to nouzell vp their Babes,
Thought nought too curious, are readie now
To eate those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping:
Heere many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarse strength left to giue them bury all.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bring'st

in

in haſte, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. Wee haue deſcried vpon our neighbouring ſhore, a portly faile of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but brings an heire,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking aduantage of our miſerie,
That ſtuff't the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat vs downe the which are downe already,
And make a conqueſt of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glories got to ouercome.

Lord. That's the leaſt feare.
For by the ſemblance of their white flagges diſplayde, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes vntuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, meanes moſt deceipt.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we leaue our grounds the loweſt?
And wee are halfe way there: Goe, tell their Generall wee attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craues?

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warres, we are vnable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouernour, for ſo we heare you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes,
Wee haue heard your miſeries as farre as *Tyre*,
And ſeene the deſolation of your ſtreets,
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your teares,
But to releiue them of their heauie loade,
And theſe our ſhippes you happily may thinke,

Are

Are like the Troian horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger-ſtaru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you,
And weel'e pray for you.

Per. Ariſe I pray you, ariſe; we do not looke for reuerence but for loue, and harborage for our ſelfe, our ſhips, and men.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankefulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children or our ſelues,
The curſe of heauen and men ſucceed their euils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall nere be ſeene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per. Which welcome weel'e accept, feaſt here awhile,
Vntill our Starres that frowne, lend vs a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Heere haue you ſeene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prooue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſitie:
Ile ſhew you thoſe in troubles raigne,
Looſing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conuerſation,
To whom I giue my benizon:
Is ſtill at *Tharſtill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is write he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statute to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary,
Are brought your eyes, what need ſpeake I.

Dumbe

Dumbe ſhew.

Enter at one dore Pericles *talking with* Cleon, *all the Traine with them: Enter at another dore, a Gentleman with a Letter to* Pericles; Pericles *ſhewes the Letter to* Cleon; Pericles *gines the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles *at one dore, and* Cleon *at an other.*

Good *Hellicon* that ſtayd at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtriue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue:
And to fulfill his Prince deſire,
Sau'd one of all that happes in *Tyre*:
How *Thaliard* came full bent with ſinne,
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in *Tharſis* was not beſt,
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas;
Where when men been, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the Wind begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip,
Should houſe him ſafe; is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By Waues, from coaſt to coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tyr'd with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore, to giue him glad:
And heere he comes: what ſhall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text.

Enter Pericles wette.

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Starres of heauen,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder: remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.

Alaſſe

Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffize the greatnes of your powers,
To haue bereeft a Prince of all his fortunes;
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Heere to haue death in peace, is all hee'le craue.

Enter three Fiſher-men.

1 What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I ſay?
3. What ſay you Maiſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirr'ſt now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion.
3. Faith Maiſter, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.
1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greiued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarce helpe our ſelues.
3. Nay Maiſter, ſayd not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas, how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they're halfe fiſh, halfe fleſh:
A plague on them, they neere come but I looke to be waſht.
Maiſter, I maruell how the fiſhes liue in the Sea?
1. Why as men doe a land;
The great ones eat vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Miſers, to nothing ſo fitly,
As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at laſt, deuoure them all at a mouthfull:
Such Whales haue I heard on a'th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they ſwallow'd
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.
Per. A prettie Morall.
3. But Maiſter, if I had been the Sexton,
I would haue beene that day in the Belfrie.
2. Why, Man?

 1. Becauſe

1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had been in his bellie,
I would haue kept ſuch a gangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bells, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour honeſt fiſhermen.

2. Honeſt, good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaſte Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pittie him:
He askes of you that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with colde, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buryed.

1. Die

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbi d't, and I haue a Gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a
handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and weel'e
haue Fleſh for all day, Fiſh for faſting-dayes and more; or
Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you my friend: You ſaid you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne crauer too, and ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers
were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maiſter, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you ſir; doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I ſir; and he deſerues ſo to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happie King, ſince he gaines from
His ſubiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Mary ſir, halfe a dayes iourney: And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of
the World, to Iuſt and Turney for her loue,

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1. O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man can
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe Maiſter helpe; heere's a Fiſh hanges in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt; & tis tur'nd to a ruſty Armor.

Per. An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all Crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repayre my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*. it hath been a sheild
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse,
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my ship-warke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay you bounties; till then, rest your debter.

1 Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it: and the Gods giue thee good an't.

2. I but harke you (my friend) t'was wee that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

Vpon

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of Bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonydes with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Leige, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merrit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue my honour Il'e performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thai. A

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per dolcera kee per forsa.*
3. *Knight.* *King.* And with the third?
Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiualry: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*
4. *Knight.* *King.* What is the fourth.
Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*
King. Which shewes that beautie hath his power and wil,
which can as well inflame, as it can kill.
5. *Knight.* *Thai.* The fift: an Hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tryde:
The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*
6. *Knight.* *King.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliuered?
Thai. Hee seemes to be a stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch that's onely greene at top,
The Motto: *In hac spe viuo.*
Kin. A pretty morral; frō the deiected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.
1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rusty out-side he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.
2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger for he comes
To an honor'd tryumph, strangely furnisht.
3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day to scowre it in the dust.
Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page; your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe.
Prepare for mirth, for m irth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.
Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.
Per. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my merit.
King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labour'd scholler: come Queene a th'feast,
For (Daughter) so you are; here take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*
King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour wee loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.
Marsh Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.
Per. You are right courtious Knights.
King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist me, he not thought vpon.
Thais. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauorie,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.
King. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more
Then other Knights haue done; ha's broken a staffe.

Or ſo; ſo let it paſſe.
Thai To me he ſeemes like Diamond, to Glaſſe.
Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was,
Had Princes ſit like ſtarres about his Throane,
And he the Sunne for them to reuerence;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacie;
Where now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darkeneſſe, none in light:
Whereby I ſee that Time's the King of Men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.
King. What, are you merry, Knights?
Knights. Who can be other in this royall preſence.
King. Heere with a cup that's ſtur'd vnto the brim,
As do you loue, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your grace.
King. Yet pauſe awhile; yon Knight doth ſit too melan-
As if the intertainement in our Court, (choly,
Had not a ſhew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa*?
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O, attend my Daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like Gods aboue,
Who freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet,
Heere, ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or youle mooue me elſe.
Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not pleaſe me better.

King.

King. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him
Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?
Thai. The King my father (ſir) has drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much blood vnto your life.
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage?
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for aduentures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeas reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhip-wracke, driuen vpon this ſhore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*; who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,
Bereft of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore.
king, Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come Gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time which lookes for other reuels?
Euen in your Armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
I will not haue excuſe with ſaying this,
Lowd muſike is too harſh for Ladyes heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.
They daunce.
So, this was well ask't, t'was ſo well perform'd.
Come ſir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
And that their Meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
Of your faire courteſie: vnclaſpe, vnclaſpe.
They daunce.
Thankes Gentlemen, to all; all haue done well;
But you the beſt: Pages and lights, to conduct

 Theſe

These Knights vnto their seuerall Lodgings:
Your sir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
Princes, it is too late to talke of Loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow all for speeding doe their best.

Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.

Hell. No *Escanes* know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest liued not free:
For which the most high Gods not minding,
Longer to withhold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; euen in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heauen came and shriueld
Vp those bodyes euen to lothing, for they so stounke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.
Escanes. T'was very strange.
Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no gard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.
Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.
2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieue without reproofe.
3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.
Hell. Your griefes, for what?

Wrong not your Prince you loue.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happie by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'le seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'le finde him there,
And be resolued he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.
2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.
Omnes. Liue noble *Hellicane*.
Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me intreat you
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expir'd he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoake.
But if I cannot winne you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.
1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld:
And since Lord *Hellican* inioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauour.
Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Enter the King reading of a letter at one dore, the Knightes meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Kinghts, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, ſhee'le not vndertake
A married life: her reaſon to her ſelfe is onely knowen,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.
2. Knight. May we not get acceſſe to her (my Lord?)
King. Faith, by no meanes, ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly
Tyed her to her chamber, that t'is impoſſible:
One twelue Moons more ſhee'le weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath ſhe vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake it.
3. Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaues. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well diſpatcht:
Now to my daughters Letter; ſhee tels me here,
Shee'le wed the ſtranger Knight,
Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
T'is well Miſtris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how abſolute ſhee's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed: ſoft heere he comes,
I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*.
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet Muſicke this laſt night:
I do proteſt, my eares were neuer better fedde
With ſuch delightfull pleaſing harmonie.
Per. It is your Graces pleaſure to commend,
Not my deſert.
King. Sir, you are Muſickes maiſter.
Per. The worſt of all her Schoollers (my good Lord.)
King. Let me aske you one thing:
What doe you thinke of my daughter ſir?
Per. A moſt virtuous Princeſſe.
King. And ſhee's faire too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a faire day in Sommer: wonderous faire.

King.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you,
I ſo well, that you muſt be her Maiſter,
And ſhe will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.
Per. I am vnworthy for her Schoole-maſter.
King. Shee thinkes not ſo: peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here; a letter, that ſhe loues the knight of *Tyre*?
T'is the Kings ſubtiltie to haue my life:
Oh, ſeeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A ſtranger, and diſtreſſed Gentleman,
That neuer aymed ſo hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou haſt bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a Villaine.
Per. By the Gods I haue not; neuer did thought
Of mine leuie offence; nor neuer did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your diſpleaſure.
King. Traytor, thou lyeſt.
Per. Traytor?
King. I, traytor.
Per. Euen in his throat, vnleſſe it be the King,
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.
king. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer reliſht of a baſe diſcent:
I came vnto your Court for honours cauſe,
And not to be a Rebell to her ſtate:
And he that otherwiſe accountes of mee,
This ſword ſhall prooue, hee's honours enimie.
king. No? here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſſe it.

Enter Thaiſa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Reſolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere ſolicite, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſillable that made loue to you?
Tha. Why ſir, if you had, who takes offence?

At that, would make me glad?
King. Yea Miſtris, are you ſo peremptorie?
I am glad o'nt with all my heart,
Ile tame you; Ile bring you in ſubiection. *Aſide.*
Will you not, hauing my conſent.
Beſtow your loue and your affections,
Vpon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aſide.*
As great in blood as I my ſelfe:
Therefore, heare you Miſtreſſe, either frame
Your will to mine: and you ſir, heare you;
Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you,
Man and wife: nay, come your hands,
And lips muſt ſeale it too: and being ioyn'd,
Ile thus your hopes deſtroy, and for further griefe:
God giue you ioy; what are you both pleaſed?
That. Yes, if you loue me ſir?
Per. Euen as my life my blood that foſters it.
King. What are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if't pleaſe your Maieſtie.
King. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I will ſee you wed,
And then with what haſte you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Now ſleepe yſlaked hath the rout,
No din but ſnores about the houſe,
Made lowder by the ore-fed breaſt,
Of this moſt pompous marriage Feaſt:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouſes hole;
And Cricket ſing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the loſſe of mayden-head,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,

And

And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in ſhew, I'le plaine with ſpeach.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one doore, with attendants, a meſſenger meetes them, kneeles and giues* Pericles *a letter,* Pericles *ſhewes it* Symonides, *the Lordes kneele to him; then enter* Thayſa *with childe, with* Lichorida, *a nurſe, the King ſhewes her the letter, ſhe reioyces: ſhe and* Pericles *take leaue of her father, and depart.*

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull ſearch,
By the foure oppoſing Crignes,
Which the world togither ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horſe and ſaile, and hie expence,
Can ſteed the queſt at laſt from *Tyre*,
Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are Letters brought, the tenour theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would ſet on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
The mutanie, he there hateſt t'oppreſſe,
Sayes to'em, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice ſixe Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne: the ſumme of this
Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
Irany ſhed the regions round,
And euery one with claps can ſound,
Our heyre apparant is a King:
Who dreampt? who thought of ſuch a thing?
Briefe, he muſt hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with child, makes her deſire,

Which who ſhall croſſe along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida her nurſe ſhe takes,
And ſo to Sea; then veſſell ſhakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune moou'd
Varies againe, the griſlee North
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That as a Ducke for life that diues,
So vp and downe the poore Ship driues:
The Ladie ſhreekes, and well-a-neare,
Do's fall in trauaile with her feare:
And what enſues in this ſelfe ſtorme,
Shall for it ſelfe, if ſelfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conueniently the reſt conuay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, vpon whoſe Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles* appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles a Shipboord.

Pe. The God of his great Vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes commaund, bind them in Braſſe;
Hauing call'd them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, dayly quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lychorida*!
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans Whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lychoria*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife gentle
To thoſe tha crie by night, conuey thy deitie
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangues
Of my Queenes trauailes? Now *Lychorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.
Peri. How? how *Lychorida*?
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heer's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A litle Daughter: for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away? we heere below,
Recall not what we giue, and therein may
Vſe honour with you.
Lycho. Patience (good ſir) euen for this charge.
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for
Thou art the rudelyeſt welcome to this world,
That euer was Princes Child: happy what followes,
Thou haſt as chiding a nativitie,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To haroald thee from the wombe:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canſt find heere:
Now the good Gods throw their beſt eyes vpon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir? God ſaue you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for the loue
Of this poore Infant, this freſh new ſea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
1. *Sayl.* Slake the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.
2. *Siyl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
Kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. Sir, your Queene must ouerboard, the sea workes hie,
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1. Pardon vs, sir; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.
And we are strong in easterne; therefore briefly yeeld'er,
Per. As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight
Most wretched Queene.
Lychor. Heere she lyes sir.
Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming Water must orewhelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels: O *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Paper,
My Casket, and my Iewels; and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we heaue a Chest beneth the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?
2. We are neere *Tharsus*.
Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.
Peri. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing: goe thy waies good Mariner,
Ile bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.

Cery. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cery. Get Fire and meate for these poore men,
T'as beene a turbulent and stormie night.
Serv. I haue beene in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,
Ther's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.
Cory. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea
Shooke as the earth did quake:
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house.
2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.
Cery. O you say well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich tire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golde slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.
Cery. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning,
Were endowments greater, then Nobleneste and Riches;
Careleste Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,
Making a man a god:
T'is knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,

I haue together with my practize, made familiar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more cõtent in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour h'as through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues
Your Creatures; who by you, haue beene reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your perſonall paine,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.

Enter two or three with a Chiſt.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Chiſt; t'is of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2. Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe t'is caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrẽch it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2. Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
with full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, perfect me in
the Characters.

Heere

Here I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.
If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night for looke how freſh ſhe looks
They were too rough, they threw her in the Sea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many houres, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an *Egyptian* that had nine houres lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid: the fire and cloathes: the rough and
Wofull Muſick that we haue, cauſe it to ſound beſeech you:
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirreſt thou blocke?
The Muſicke their: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not beene entraunc'ſt aboue fiue houres:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heauens, through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt pray ſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to be.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What

What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this strange? 1. *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her: get linnen:
Now this matter must be lookt too, for he relapse
Is mortall: come, come; and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carie her away. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dioniza.

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my twelue moneths are expir'd, and *Tyrus* stands in a litigious peace:
You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnesse,
The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally
Yet glaunce full wondringly on vs.

Di. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had pleas'd, you had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs;
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I haue named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be maner'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers dayly fall vpon you, must in your child
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my dutie: but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried.
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnsisterd shall this heire of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue:
Good madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing vp my Child. *Cler.* I

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore, then giue you vp to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest winds of heauen.

Per. I will imbrace your offer, come deerest Madame,
O no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mistris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my Lord.

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command:
Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I wel remember, euen on my learning time, but whether there deliuered, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuerie will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thar. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and setled to his owne desire:
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* ther's a Votarisse.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
Whom our faſt growing ſcene muſt finde
At *Tharſus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In Muſicks letters, who hath gaind
Of education all the grace,
Which makes hie both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alacke
That monſter Enuie oft the wracke
Of earned praiſe, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treaſons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for mariage ſight: this Maide
Hight *Philoten*: and it is ſaid
For certaine in our ſtorie, ſhe
Would euer with *Marina* be.
Beet when they weaude the ſleded ſilke,
With fingers long, ſmall, white as milke,
Or when ſhe would with ſharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She ſung, and made the night bed mute,
That ſtill records with mone, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Marina*: ſo
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All prayſes, which are paid as debts,
And not as giuen, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with Enuie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter

Might

Might ſtand peerleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our nurſe is dead,
And cutſed *Dioniza* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poſt on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I ſo conuey,
Vnles your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

Enter Dioniza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to doo't, tis but a blowe which neuer ſhall bee knowne, thou canſt not doe a thing in the worlde ſo ſoone to yeelde thee ſo much profite: let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue boſome, enflame too nicely, nor let pittie which euen women haue caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods ſhould haue her. Here ſhee comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death, Thou art reſolude?

Leon. I am reſolude.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to ſtrowe thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets, and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang vpon thy graue, while Sommer dayes doth laſt: Aye me poore maid,

borne in a tempeſt,when my mother dide,this world to me is a laſting ſtorme,whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*,why doe you weepe alone? How chaunce my daughter is not with you? Doe not conſume your blood with ſorrowing, Haue you a nurſe of me? Lord how your fauours Changd with this vnprofitable woe: Come giue me your flowers,ere the ſea marre it, Walke with *Leonine*,the ayre is quicke there, And it perces and ſharpens the ſtomacke, Come *Leonine* take her by the arme,walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you,Ile not bereaue you of your ſeruãt.

Dion. Come,come,I loue the king your father,and your ſelfe,with more then forraine heart, wee euery day expect him here, when he ſtall come and find our Paragon to all reports thus blaſted.

He will repent the bredth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me,that wee haue taken no care to your beſt courſes,goe I pray you,walke and be chearfull once againe, reſerue that excellent complexion, which did ſteale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well,I will goe,but yet I haue no deſire too it.

Dion. Come,come,I know tis good for you, walke halfe an houre *Leonine*,at the leaſt, remember what I haue ſed.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my ſweet Ladie,for a while, pray walke ſoftly,doe not heate your bloud, what, I muſt haue care of you.

Mar. My thanks ſweete Madame,Is the wind Weſterlie that blowes?

Leon. Southweſt.

Mar. When I was borne the wind was North.

Leon. Waſt ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſe ſes, did neuer feare, but cryed good

good ſea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands haling ropes,and claſping to the Maſt, endured a ſea that almoſt burſt the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent,and from the ladder tackle,waſhes off a canuas clymer,haſes one, wolt out? and with a dropping induſtrie they skip from ſterne to ſterne: the Boatſwaine whiſtles,and the Maſter calles and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come ſay your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I graunt it, pray,but be not tedious,for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am ſworne to doe my worke with haſte.

Mar. Why,will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Ladie.

Mar. Why would ſhee haue mee kild now? as I can remember by my troth,I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer ſpake bad word, nor did ill turne to any liuing creature: Beleeue me law,I neuer killd a Mouſe,nor hurt a Fly: I trode vpon a worme againſt my will,but I wept fort.How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie profite,or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes foreſhew you haue a gentle heart,I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good ſooth it ſhewde well in you, do ſo now,your Lady ſeekes my life,Come you betweene,and ſaue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworne and will diſpatch. *Enter Pirats.*

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize,a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her.

her aboord ſuddainly.

Exit.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe rogueing theeues ſerue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue ſeizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no hope ſhee will returne, Ile ſweare ſhees dead, and throwne into the Sea, but Ile ſee further: perhappes they will but pleaſe themſelues vpon her, not carrie her aboord, if ſhee remaine,
Whom they haue rauiſht, muſt by me be ſlaine.

Exit.

Enter the three Baudes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pandar. Search the Market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, wee loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſſe.

Bawd. wee were neuer ſo much out of Creatures, wee haue but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue freſh ones what ere we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to bee vſde in euerie trade, we ſhall neuer proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſaiſt true: tis not our bringing vp of poore baſtards, as I thinke, I haue brought vp ſome eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe, But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawde. What elſe man? the ſtuffe we haue, a ſtrong winde will blow it to peeces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pan-

Pandor. Thou ſayeſt true, ther's two vnwholeſome a conſcience, the poore *Tranſiluanian* is dead that laye with the li tle baggadge.

Boult. I, ſhee quickly poupt him, ſhee made him roaſt-meate for wormes, but Ile goe ſearch the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickins were as prettie a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are olde?

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youths we could picke vp ſome prettie eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch't, beſides the ſore tearmes we ſtand vpon with the gods, wil be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maiſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, if you like her ſo, if not, I haue loſt my earnest.

Bawd. *Boult* ha's ſhe anie qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: theres no farther neceſſitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult.

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall haue your money presently, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that will giue most shall haue her first, such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as they haue been: get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow, he shuld haue strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods haue done their part in you.

Mer. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions, you shall fare well, you shall haue the difference of all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mer. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you haue mee bee, and I bee not a woman?

Mer. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall haue something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue you.

Mer. The Gods defend me.

Bawd.

Bawd. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men stir you vp: *Bowlts* returnd. Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boult. I haue cryde her almost to the number of her haires, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boult. Faith they listened to me, as they would haue harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Bawd. We shall haue him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams?

Bawd. Who, *Mounsieur Verollus*?

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Bawd. Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of euerie Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Bawd. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as ye doe, makes pittie in your Louers seldome, but that pitti- begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mari. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise,

Mari.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I haue bargaind for the ioynt.

Bawd. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should denie it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner wee haue, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beautie stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Bawd. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mari. If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.
Diana ayde my purpose.

Bawd. What haue we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with vs.

Exit.

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a childe agen.

Cle.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide giue it to vndoe the deed. O Ladie much lesse in blood then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earthith Iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poysned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child.

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, not euer to preserue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse it vnlesse you play the impious Innocent, and for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heauens, the Gods doe like this worst.

Dion. Bee one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who euer but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses.

Dion. Bee it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilest ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day. It pierst mee thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgiue it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say, wee wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittring golde characters expres

a generall prayse to her, and care in vs, at whose expence
tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thy Angels face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter killes
The Flies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I aduise.

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, haue and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To vse one language, in each seuerall clime,
Where our scenes seemes to liue,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes
To teach you.
The stages of our storie *Pericles*
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
To see his daughter all his liues delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behind,
Is left to gouerne it, you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Aduancde in time to great and hie estate.
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
Haue brought
This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them
Moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dionisa at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the tombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sack-cloth, and in a mightie passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarks, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haires:
Hee put on sackcloth, and to Sea he beares,
A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out, Now please you wit:
The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dionisa*.

The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
On whom fowle death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part ath earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heauens best owed,
Wherefore she does and sweares she'le neuer stint,
Make raging Battrie vpon shores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villainie,
So well as soft and tender flatterie:
Let *Pericles* beleeue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered;
By Ladie *Fortune*, while our stteare must play,
His daughter woe and heauie wel-aday.
In her vnholy seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall doe in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. But to haue diuinitie preach't there, did you euer dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houſes, ſhall's goe heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhee's able to freze the god *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eſther get her rauiſhed, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould doe for Clyents her fitment, and doe mee the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maiſters reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a *Puritaine* of the diuell, if hee ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'le diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeres, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. Wee ſhoulde haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggadge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your Honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may, ſo t'is the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand vpon ſound legges, how now? wholſome iniquitie haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

Bawd. Wee haue heere one Sir, if ſhee would, but there

there neuer came her like in *Meteline.* (ſay

Li. if ſhee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou would'ſt

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to ſay well enough.

Li. Well, call foorth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and bloud Sir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a roſe, and ſhe were a roſe indeed, if ſhe had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modeſt.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no leſſe then it giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke, Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Li. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at Sea, Well theres for you, leaue vs.

Bawd. I beſeech your Honor giue me leaue a word, And Ile haue done preſently.

Li. I beſeech you doe.

Bawd. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an Honorable man. (note him.

Mar. I deſire to finde him ſo, that I may worthilie

Bawd. Next hees the Gouernor of this countrey, and a man whom I am bound too.

Mar. if he gouerne the countrey you are bound to him indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vſe him kindly? he will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What hee will doe gratiouſly, I will thankfully receiue.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord ſhees not pac'ſte yet, you muſt take ſome paines to worke her to your mannage, come we will leaue his Honor, and her together, goe thy waies. (trade?

Li. Now prittie one, how long haue you beene at this

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why

Li. Why, I cannot name but I ſhall offend. (name it.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to

Li. How long haue you bene of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ere ſince I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't ſo young, were you a gameſter at fiue, or at ſeuen?

Mar. Earlyer too Sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why? the houſe you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you knowe this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into o't? I heare ſay you'r of honourable parts, and are the Gouernour of this place.

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne vnto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, ſhe that ſets ſeedes and rootes of ſhame and iniquitie.

O you haue heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloft for more ſerious wooing, but I proteſt to thee prettie one, my authoritie ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe looke friendly vpon thee, come bring me to ſome priuate place: Come, come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, ſhew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? ſome more, be ſage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though moſt vngentle Fortune haue plac't me in this Stie, where ſince I came, diſeaſes haue beene ſolde deerer then Phiſicke, that the gods would ſet me free from this vnhalowed place, though they did chaunge me to the meaneſt byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldſt haue ſpoke ſo well, nere dremp't, thou could'ſt, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy ſpeeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde,

golde for thee, perſeuer in that cleare way thou goeſt and the gods ſtrengthen thee.

Mar. The good Gods preſerue you.

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows ſauor vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for thee, a curſe vpō him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of thy goodnes, if thou doeſt heare from me it ſhalbe for thy good.

Boult. I beſeech your Honor one peece for me.

Li. Auaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your houſe but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would ſincke and ouerwhelme you. Away.

Boult. How's this? we muſt take another courſe with you? if your peeuiſh chaſtitie, which is not worth a breakefaſt in the cheapeſt countrey vnder the coap, ſhall vndoe a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel, come your (wayes.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boult. I muſt haue your mayden-head taken off, or the cōmon hāgman ſhal execute it, come your way, weele haue no more Gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I ſay.

Enter Bawde.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe miſtris, ſhe has heere ſpoken holy words to the Lord *Lyſimachus*.

Bawd. O abhominable.

Boult. He makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtincke afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. *Marie* hang her vp for euer.

Boult. The Noble man woold haue dealt with her like a Noble man, and ſhe ſent him away as colde as a Snowe-ball, ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult* take her away, vſe her at thy pleaſure, crack the glaſſe of her virginitie, and make the reſt malliable.

Boult. And if she were a thornyer peece of ground then she is, she shall be plowed.

Mar. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne to vndoe vs, will you not goe the way of women-kinde? Marrie come vp my dish of chastitie with rosemarie and baies.

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the Iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st feend of hell would not in reputation change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery custerell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholerike fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs.

Bo. What wold you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you? where a m mãay serue 7 yeers for the losse of a leg, & haue not money enough in the end to buy him a woodden one?

Mar. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth, serue by indenture, to the common hang-man, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speake, would owne a name too deere, that the gods would safely deliuer me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeelde many schollers.

Boult.

Bowlt. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Prooue that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute me to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them, But since my maister and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the brothell scapes, and chaunces
Into an *Honest-house*, our storie sayes:
She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces
As Goddesse-like to her admired layes
Deepe clearks she dumb's & with her neele composes,
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That euen her art sisters the naturall Roses;
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine
She giues the curst Bawd, here we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him on the Sea, we there him left,
Where driuen before the winds, he is arriu'de
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,
Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striu'de
God *Neptune Annuall* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,

And to him in his Barge with feruor hyes,
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight,
Of heauie *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
Wh ere what is done in action, more if might
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you ſit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him 2. Saylers.

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Hellicanus*? hee can reſolue you, O here he is ſir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernour, who craues to come aboord, what is your will?

Hell. That he haue his, call vp ſome Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboord, I pray greet him fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Say.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent Sir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hel. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe,

Lyſ. You wiſh mee well, beeing on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not ſpoken to anie one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prorogue his griefe.

Ly. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperature?

Hell. Twould bee too tedious to repeat, but the mayne griefe ſprings fró the loſſe of a beloued daughter, & a wife.

Ly. May we not ſee him?

Hell.

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe. Is your ſight, hee will not ſpeake to any, yet let me obtaine my wiſh.

Lyſ. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon.

Hell. Till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Ly. Sir King all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall ſir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Ly. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweet harmonie, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are midway ſtopt, ſhee is all happie as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maides, now vpon the leauie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Ilands ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſſe, yet nothing weele omit that beares recoueries name. But ſince your kindneſſe we haue ſtretcht thus farre, let vs beſeech you, that for our golde we may prouiſion haue, wherein wee are not deſtitute for want, but wearie for the ſtaleneſſe,

Ly. O ſir, a curteſie, which if we ſhould denie, the moſt iuſt God for euerie graffe would ſend a Caterpillar, and ſo inflict our Prouince: yet once more let mee intreate to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sit ſir, I will recount it to you, but ſee I am preuented.

Ly. O heer's the Ladie that I ſent for,
Welcome faire one, iſt not a goodly preſent?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Ly. Shee's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſurde
Came of a gentle kind, and noble ſtock, I do wiſh
No better choyſe, and thinke me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beautie,
Expect euen here, where is a kingly patient,

If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will vse my vtmost skill in his recouerie, prouided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered to come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prosperous. *The Song.*

Ly. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

Ma. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that ne're before inuited eyes, but haue beene gazed on like a Comet: She speakes my Lord, that may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly wayde, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from aunce stors, who stoode equiuolent with mightie Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and aukwarde casualties, bound me in seruitude, I will desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheeke, and whispers in mine eare, go not till he speake.

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I sed, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not doe me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daughter

ter might haue beene: My Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight, as siluer voyst, her eyes as Iewell-like, and cast as richly, in pace an other *Iuno*. Who starues the eares she feedes, and makes them hungrie, the more she giues them speech, Where doe you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like lies disdaind in the reporting.

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil beleeue thee & make senses credit thy relation, to points that seeme impossible, for thou lookest like one I loued indeede: what were thy friends? didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiu'd thee that thou camst from good discending. *Mar.* So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to iniurie, and that thou thoughts thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered proue the thousand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a girle, yet thou dost looke like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremitie out of act, what were thy friends? howe lost thou thy name, my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina.*

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina?*

Mar. You seed you would beleeue me, but not to be a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore calld *Marina?*

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles with all,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me t'were best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*,
But good sir whither will you haue me? why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the daughter to king *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hell. Hoe, *Hellicanus?*

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made me weepe?

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Mataline*, speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike mee honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs, this is *Marina.*
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but
For truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*; *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*, she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes, who is this?

Hel. Sir,

Hel. Sir, tis the gouernour of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie ſtate, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes.
I am wilde in my beholding, O heauens bleſſe my girle,
But harke what Muſicke tell, *Helicanus*, my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeemes to doat,
How ſure you are my daughter, but what muſicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none.

Per. None, the Muſicke of the *Spheres*, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, giue him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not heare?

Lyſ. Muſicke my Lord? I heare.

Per. Moſt heauenly Muſicke.
It nips me vnto liſtning, and thicke ſlumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me reſt.

Lyſ. A Pillow for his head, ſo leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwere to my iuſt beliefe, I le well remember you.

Diana.

Dia. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar ſacrifice, There when my maiden prieſts are met together before the people all, reueale how thou at ſea didſt looſe thy wife, to mourne thy croſſes with thy daughters call, & giue them repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou liueſt in woe: doo't, and happie, by my ſiluer bow, awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celeſtiall *Dian*, Goddeſſe *Argentine*,
I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. *Hel.* Sir.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike,
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell thee why, ſhal we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore, and giue you golde for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir,

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile were it to wooe my daughter, for it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Gower. Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue mee,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt relieue mee:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What minſtrelſie, what prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice.
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The *Interim* pray, you al confound.
In fetherd briefenes ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as their wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his companie.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt commaund,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*,
Who frighted from my Country did wed at *Pentapolis*, the faire *Thaſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought forth a Maid child calld *Marina*, whom O Goddeſſe wears yet thy ſiluer liuerey, ſhe at *Tharſus* was nurſt with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he ſought to murther, but her better ſtars

 brought

brought her to *Meteline*, gainſt whoſe ſhore riding, her Fortunes brought the mayde aboord vs, where by her owne moſt cleare remembrance, ſhe made knowne her ſelfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are, O royall *Pericles*.

Per. What meanes the mum? ſhee dies, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble ſir, if you haue tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

Per. Reuerend appearer no, I threw her ouer-boord with theſe verie armes.

Ce. Vpon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Pe. Tis moſt certaine.

Ge. Looke to the Ladie, O ſhee's but ouer-ioyde, Early in bluſtring morne this Ladie was throwne vpon this ſhore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Iewells, recouered her, and plac'ſte her here in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we ſee them?

Cer. Great Sir, they ſhalbe brought you to my houſe, whither I inuite you, looke *Thaiſa* is recouered.

Th. O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my ſanctitie will to my ſenſe bende no licencious care, but curbe it ſpight of ſeeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you ſpeak, like him you are, did you not name a tempeſt, a birth, and death?

Pe. The voyce of dead *Thaſia*.

Th. That *Thaſia* am I, ſuppoſed dead and drownd.

Pe. I mortall *Dian*.

Th. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my father gaue you ſuch a ring.

Pe. This, this, no more, you gods, your preſent kindneſſe makes my paſt miſeries ſports, you ſhall doe well that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more bee ſeene,

ſeene, O come, be buried a ſecond time within theſe armes.

Ma. My heart leapes to be gone into my mothers boſome.

Per. Looke who kneeles here, fleſh of thy fleſh *Thaiſa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for ſhe was yeelded there.

Th. Bleſt, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

Th. I knowe you not.

Hell. You haue heard mee ſay when I did flie from *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute, can you remember what I call'd the man, I haue nam'de him oft.

Th. T'was *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaiſa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how poſſiblie preſerued? and who to thanke (beſides the gods) for this great myracle?

Th. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods haue ſhowne their power, that can from firſt to laſt reſolue you.

Pe. Reuerent Syr, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beſeech you firſt, goe with mee to my houſe, where ſhall be ſhowne you all was found with her. How ſhee came plac'ſte heere in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* bleſſe thee for thy viſion, and will offer night oblations to thee *Thaiſa*, this Prince, the faire betrothed of your daughter, ſhall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament makes mee looke diſmall, will I clip to forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie.

Th. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my fathers dead.

Per. Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my
Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our ſelues
will in that kingdome ſpend our following daies, our ſonne
and daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* raigne.
Lord *Ceremon* we doe our longing ſtay,
To heare the reſt vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard,
Of monſtrous luſt, the due and iuſt reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene, and daughter ſeene,
Although aſſail'd with *Fortune* fierce & keene,
Vertue preferd from fell deſtructions blaſt,
Led on by heauen, & crown'd with ioy at laſt.
In *Hellicanus* may you well deſerie;
A figure of truth, of faith and loyaltie:
In reuerent *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon*, and his wife; when Fame
Had ſpred his curſed deed, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder ſeem'd to contend,
To puniſh, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wait on you, here our play has ending.

FINIS.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~MS.~~ no. C34 1c36

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.03	First section secured: kozo and wsp.	RJ

MSS SR7 7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841